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GIVET.

This smiling little town, on the banks of the Meuse, is one of those which Victor Hugo, in his notes on "The Rhine," delighted to honour. A ridge of rocks meets the eye of the approaching traveller, on the summit of which he beholds the fort of Charlemagne.

He finds in it a house of entertainment, with a name, the magnificence of which rather wildly contrasts with the moderate accommodation the sons of luxury find within. The *auberge of the Golden Mount* presents but indifferent fare to those who have the golden means of commanding the pleasures of life. Comfort, however, may be realised where delicacies can be dispensed with. The keen genial air serves to render common-place viands welcome; and the stranger, if he find his lodging not embellished with all that lordly "means and appliances" obtain elsewhere, may still rejoice in homely cleanliness, and have no real cause for complaint.

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GIVET.

Its vicinity is pleasant. Little Givet, on the other side of the river, well deserves a visit. Its church is an oddity, a sort of architectural joke. The writer already mentioned says, in erecting it, the builder took a priest's square cap, on which he placed, bottom upwards, a large plate. In the plate he established a sugar loaf, surmounted by a bottle with a spike thrust into its neck, and caused the whole to be surmounted by a weathercock! He adds, "When I viewed it, night, which helps to screen the follies of man (and sometimes favours or invites them) had begun to cast its sable mantle over this whimsical creation. Smoke was hovering above the roofs of the houses; at my left, low murmurs were heard through the agitated elms, while, on my right, an ancient tower was reflected in the fair bosom of the Meuse. Beyond, at the foot of the rock, crowned with the fort of Charlemont, was seen a white line, which I supposed to mark an edifice of vast

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importance, but which eventually proved to be only the outline of an uninhabited country house. The rocks, however, in gloomy grandeur, frowned over the towers, steeples, and houses, and hid the horizon from my gaze. In the remote distance, a clear sky was illumined with a half moon, which figured so much of purity, brightness, and heaven, that I imagined God had exposed part of his nuptial ring to testify his wedded affection to man."

The image, though pretty, is hardly such as would have occurred to an English observer. To give the eternal author of the universe our little orb for a wife, and to make the moon his wedding ring, was to stretch imagination to that point where the sublime loses itself in absurdity.

"Great wits to madmen nearly are allied,
But thin partitions do the parts divide."

Without adopting such a rhapsody, the river, the venerable ruins which adorn it, and the cheerful abodes of contented humble beings, lend Givet a captivating aspect, which the most apathetic may admire, and the enthusiastic enjoy.

On visiting the ancient tower, a curious inscription, two hundred years old, was found, or rather part of one, which, being ingeniously completed, embodies a solemn truth—"What man begins for himself, God finishes for others." This appeared to have been indented on one of the stones of the fort in the year 1643.

ANATOMICAL EPITAPH ON AN INVALID.

The following was written for himself by the Rev. William Goldwin, fellow of Eton College, and vicar of St. Nicholas, Bristol, who died in June, 1747:—

"Here lies a head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies an heart that often beat;
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd,
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind and twisting gripes;
Here lies that livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad treacher scene,
That left side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd,
With painful cramps and poignant stich;
Here lies the back oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins;
Here lies the skin per seury fed,
With pimples and eruptions red.
Here lies the man from top to toe,
That fabrick fram'd for pain and woe;
He catch'd a cold, but colder Death
Compress'd his lungs and stop'd his breath;
The organs could no longer go,
Because the bellows ceased to blow.

MORE WONDERS OF MESMERISM.

Miss Martineau continues her letters on the subject of mesmeric influences. We know "that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction;" and we have no wish to treat the statements of a lady with disrespect, but really some of the facts she relates are so overpowering that we can hardly look at them with gravity. She has not yet finished, and possibly in the sequel she will disclose, something that may reconcile to the reason of ordinary minds, things which at present would seem to qualify a believer for an apartment in that noble edifice which graces St. George's Fields.

The third letter of Miss Martineau opens with some cautions against tasking too severely the mesmeric somnambule. They may go on well with

"A delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly—not played with too much."

Continuing the story of Miss J., her landlady's niece, she writes,—

"The first desire of every witness is to make out what the power of the mesmerist is, and how it acts. J. seems to wish to discover these points; and she also struggles to convey what she knows upon them. She frequently uses the act of mesmerising another person, as soon as the sleep becomes deep; and if not deep enough to please her, she mesmerises herself—using manipulations which she can never have witnessed. Being asked about the nature of the best mesmeric efforts, she replied that every power of body and mind is used, more or less, in the operation; but that the main thing is to desire strongly the effect to be produced. The patient should do the same.

"People may be cured who do not believe in the influence; but much more easily if they do."

"What is the influence?"

"It is something which the mesmeriser throws from him; but I cannot say what."

"And this was all that evening: for she observed (truly) 'It is a few minutes past the half hour; but I'll just sleep a few minutes longer.'

"Shall I wake you then?"

"No, thank you; I'll wake myself." And she woke up accordingly, in four minutes more. Another evening, 'Do the minds of the mesmerist and the patient become one?'

"Sometimes, but not often."

"Is it then that they taste, feel, &c., the same things at the same moment?"

"Yes."

"Will our minds become one?"

"I think not."

"What are your chief powers?"

"I like to look up, and see spiritus

things. I can see diseases; and I like to see visions."

"When asked repeatedly whether she could read with her eyes shut, see things behind her, &c., she has always replied that she does not like that sort of thing, and will not do it; she likes 'higher things.' When asked how she sees them—

"I see them, not like dreams in common sleep, but things out of other worlds; not the things themselves, but impressions of them—they come through my brain."

"Mesmerism composes the mind, and separates it from the common things of every day."

"Will it hurt your mesmerist?"

"It is good for her. It exercises some powers of body and mind, which would otherwise lie dormant. It gives her mind occupation, and leads her to search into things."

"Can the mind hear otherwise than by the ear?"

"Not naturally; but a deaf person can hear the mesmerist, when in the sleep; not anybody else, however."

"How is it you can see without your eyes?"

"Ah! that is a curious thing. I have not found it out yet." Again, when she said her time was up, but she would sleep ten minutes longer,

"Shall I leave you, and mesmerise Miss M.?"

"No; I should jump about and follow you. I feel so queer when you go away! The influence goes all away. It does so when you talk with another."

"What is the influence?" &c., &c., as before.

"I have seen a many places since I was mesmerised; but they all go away when I wake. They are like a vision, not a common dream."

"How do you see these? Does the influence separate soul and body?"

"No; it sets the body to rest; exalts and elevates the thinking powers."

In what she next says of the contracted vocabulary, it is not easy to imagine what cause Miss Martineau can have for lamentation; at best it is difficult to conceive how that superhuman intelligence, which grasps such wonderful ideas, can be foiled in any degree by lack of words to express them. Miss J. herself seems to evidence against the fact:—

"When marking, from her attitude and expression of countenance, the eagerness of her mind, and vividness of her feelings, and when listening to the lively or solemn tones of her voice, I have often longed that she had a more copious vocabulary. Much has probably been lost under the words 'queer,' 'beautiful,' 'something,' 'a thing,'

&c., which would have been clearly conveyed by an educated person. Yet some of her terms have surprised us, from their unsuitableness to her ordinary language; and particularly her understanding and use of some few, now almost appropriated by mesmerism. On one of the earliest days of her sleep, before we had learned her mesmeric powers and habits, she was asked one evening, after a good deal of questioning,

"Does it tire you to be asked questions?"

"No."

"Will it spoil your lucidity?"

"No.—Whereat I made a dumb sign to ask her what 'lucidity' meant."

"Brightness," she instantly answered.

"In the course of the day, her mesmerist asked her carelessly, as if for present convenience, if she could tell her the meaning of the word 'lucidity.'"

"J. looked surprised, and said, 'I am sure, ma'am, I don't know. I don't think I ever heard the word.'"

"When asleep the next day, she was again asked,

"Does it hurt your lucidity to be asked many questions?"

"When not very deep in sleep it does."

"What is lucidity?"

"Brightness, clearness, light, shining through. I told you that yesterday."

"Have you looked for the word since?"

"No; and I shall not know it when I am awake."

"Though usually disdaining to try to read with the eyes shut, &c., she has twice written when desired (complaining, when her eyes were fast shut, and her chair was almost in the dark, that she could not see well, meaning that there was too much light), and once she drew a church and a ship, about as well as she might have done it with open eyes. She drew the ship in separate parts, saying that she would put them together afterwards. In this latter case, her eyes were bandaged, as she complained it was so light she could not see; and then she complained that the pencil given her would not mark, and tried to pull out the lead further, not being satisfied till her strokes were distinct."

"They only time, I think, that she has spoken of her own accord was one evening when she burst into a long story of a woman who lived in Tynemouth two hundred years ago, who made 'cataplasms' for the feet of a lame monk, and cured him; for which act he requited her by denouncing her as a witch, and getting her ducked in the sea, and otherwise ill-used."

"Now," said she to her mesmerist, 'this is the way they would have treated you then; and maybe burnt you; but they know better now.'"

The following statements are sufficiently

perplexing to those who wish to be serious:—

"Another incident is note-worthy in this connexion. A gentleman who was here one evening, who was invited in all good faith, on his declaration that he had read all that had been written on mesmerism, knew all about it, and was philosophically curious to witness the phenomena. He is the only witness we have had who has abused the privilege. I was rather surprised to see how, being put in communication with J., he wrenched her arm, and employed usage which would have been cruelly rough in her ordinary state; but I supposed it was because he 'knew all about it,' and found that she was insensible to his rudeness; and her insensibility was so obvious, that I hardly regretted it. At length, however, it became clear that his sole idea was (that which is the sole idea of so many who cannot conceive of what they cannot explain) of detecting shamming; and, in pursuance of this aim, this gentleman, who 'knew all about it,' violated the first rule of mesmeric practice, by suddenly and violently seizing the sleeper's arm, without the intervention of the mesmerist. J. was convulsed and writhed in her chair. At that moment, and while supposing himself *en rapport* with her, he shouted out to me that the house was on fire. Happily, this brutal assault on her nerves failed entirely. There was certainly nothing congenial in the *rapport*. She made no attempt to rise from her seat, and said nothing—clearly heard nothing; and when asked what had frightened her, said something cold had got hold of her. Cold indeed! and very hard too!

"One singular evidence of *rapport* between J. and her mesmerist I have witnessed under such unexceptionable circumstances as to be absolutely sure of it. When J. was dancing, and taking this room for a ball-room, she took her mesmerist for her partner, allowed herself to be conducted to a seat, &c., assuming a ball-room air, which was amusing enough in one with her eyes sealed up, as motionless as if they were never again to open. Being offered refreshment, she chose some mesmerised water, a glass of which was on the table, prepared for me. It seemed to exhilarate her, and she expressed great relish of the 'refreshment.' It struck us that we would try, another evening, whether her mesmerist's will could affect her sense of taste. In her absence, we agreed that the water should be silently willed to be sherry the next night. To make the experiment as clear as possible, the water was first offered to her, and a little of it drank as water. Then the rest was, while still in her hands, silently willed to be sherry; she drank it off—half a tumbler full—declared it very

good; but, presently, that it made her tipsy. What was it? 'Wine—white wine.' And she became exceedingly merry and voluble, but refused to rise from the chair, or dance any more, or go down stairs, for she could not walk steady, and should fall and spoil her face, and moreover frighten them all below. I afterwards asked her mesmerist to let it be porter the next night. J. knew nothing of porter; it seems, but called her refreshment 'a nasty sort of beer.' Of late she has ceased to know and tell the time—'can't see the clock-face,' as she declares. The greatest aptitude at present seems to be for being affected by metals, and for the singular muscular rigidity producible in the mesmeric sleep.

"When her arms or hands are locked in this rigidity, no force used by any gentleman, who has seen the case, can separate them; and in her waking state she has certainly no such muscular force as could resist what has been ineffectually used in her sleeping state. The rigid limbs then appear like logs of wood, which might be broken, but not bent; but a breath from her mesmerist, on what is called by some phrenologists, the muscular organ, causes the muscles to relax, the fingers to unclose, and the limbs to fall into the attitude of sleep. During these changes, the placid sleeping face seems not to belong to the owner of the distorted and rigid limbs, till these last slide into their natural positions, and restore the apparent harmony.

"Not less curious is it to see her inextricable gripe of the steel snuffers, or the poker, detached by a silent touch of the steel with gold. When no force can wrench or draw the snuffers from her grasp, a gold pencil-case or a sovereign stealthily made to touch the point of the snuffers, causes the fingers to unclasp and the hands to fall. We have often put a gold watch into her hands, and, when the gripe is firm, her mesmerist winds the gold chain round something of steel. In a minute or less occurs the relaxation of the fingers, and the watch is dropped into the hand held beneath. While grasping these metals she sometimes complains that they have burnt her."

For the present, wishing to abstain from comment, we cannot but direct attention to the sherry and porter experiment. After reading them who will venture to outrage the feelings of a poor catholic on the subject of transubstantiation. We seem to approach the miracle at Canaan.

Mr. Dickens is to publish, about Christmas, a *brochure* similar to the Carol of last year, called the "Chimes that rung the old year out and the new year in."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CHESTERFIELD.



Arms.—Quarterly erm, and gu.

Crest.—A tower az., a demi-lion issuant from the battlements, or, ducally crowned, gu., holding between the pair a grenade, fired, ppr.

Supporters.—Dexter, a wolf, or, ducally crowned, gu.; sinister, a talbot erm.

Motto.—A Dei et Reg. "From God and the King."

This family is supposed to derive its name from the town of Stanhope, in the bishopric of Durham, of which they might be owners, as it is certain their residence was in those parts before they came into Nottinghamshire. Sir Richard Stanhope (living in the times of Henry III and Edward I) had large possessions in the north, and received the honour of knighthood. His son and heir, Sir Richard Stanhope, had, in consideration of his services against the Scots, in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of Edward III, a grant of the third part of the village and fisheries of Paxton, in Northumberland, with the appurtenances. His grandson, Sir Edward Stanhope, received the honour of knighthood, upon the field of battle, from Henry VII, for his distinguished conduct against the Cornish Rebels, under lord Audley. His grandson, Sir Michael Stanhope, was an eminent person in the reign of Henry VIII, and obtained a grant of the house and site of the monastery of Shelford, in Notts, by patent, in the twenty-ninth year of that monarch's reign, under Edw. VI. Sir Michael was chief gentleman of the privy chamber, and represented the county of Nottingham in parliament; but subsequently sharing in the ruin of his brother-in-law, the duke of Somerset, he was found guilty of conspiring the death of Dudley, duke of Northumberland, a privy councillor, and beheaded with Sir Thomas Arundel, on Tower Hill, February 25, 1552. His great-grandson, Sir Philip Stanhope, was elevated to the peerage, November 7, 1616, as baron Stanhope, of Shelford, in the County of Northampton, and advanced to the earldom of Chesterfield, August 4, 1628. His lordship supported firmly the royal cause during the Civil Wars. His

house, at Shelford, was a garrison for the king, under the government of his son Philip, who lost his life in the defence thereof, when the rebels took it by storm, October 27, 1645, and burnt it to the ground. His lordship was succeeded by his grandson, Philip, second earl, whose grandson, Philip Dormer, the fourth earl, was the celebrated lord Chesterfield. His lordship received his first instruction from private tutors, under the direction of his grandmother, the marchioness of Halifax; and, at the age of eighteen, entered Trinity College, Cambridge. In the spring of 1714, he left the University to make the tour of Europe, unaccompanied by a governor. During the first year of the reign of George I, he was returned to parliament, for the borough of St. Germans, and became a distinguished speaker in the House of Commons. The death of his father, 1726, removed his lordship to the Upper House, where he maintained his celebrity as an orator. In 1728 he was appointed ambassador to the court of Holland; and, in 1730, was elected a knight of the garter, and made lord-steward of the household. In 1744, his lordship was admitted to the cabinet; and in the following year appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The earl was not less distinguished as a wit than as a politician; and he held no ordinary rank in the republic of letters. He married Melisina de Schultenburg, natural daughter of George I. His lordship dying without issue, March 24, 1773, the line of Henry, lord Stanhope, eldest surviving son of the first earl, ceased, when the honours reverted to the descendant of the earl's only other surviving son (the honourable Arthur Stanhope, of Mansfield, Woodhouse, county of Nottingham), Philip Stanhope, fifth earl, installed a knight of the garter, and appointed master of the horse. His lordship died in 1815, and was succeeded by his son George Augustus Frederick, present earl, who was born May 23, 1805; married November, 1830, the honourable Ann Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Cecil Weld, first lord Forester.

A Costly Tomb.—The most stupendous mausoleum in India was erected by the emperor Shah Jehan, the father of Aurungzebe, as a mausoleum for his wife. On his death he was buried by her side; and their tombs still remain. Tavernier saw this building commenced and finished; and tells us that it occupied twenty thousand men for twenty-two years. The mausoleum itself, and all the buildings that appertain to it, cost 3,17,48,026, three crores, seventeen lacks, forty-eight thousand and twenty-six rupees, or 3,174,802 pounds sterling.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "*Student's French Grammar*," translator of Hugo's "*Rhine*," Soulie's "*Marguerite*," &c.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER IX.—THE MEETING.

The Mayeux was astonished at the sight of Dagobert and Agricola. On recovering from her surprise, she told them she had discovered where the daughters of Marshal Simon, and Adrienne de Cardoville, were detained. Then addressing Agricola, she said, "I am happy to inform you that Adrienne is not insane."

"My children!" cried Dagobert, "have you then seen them?"

"I saw them only a few minutes ago. They seemed sad and disconsolate, but I had no opportunity of speaking to them."

"Oh!" cried Dagobert, pressing his hand to his breast, "I never thought my poor old heart could beat so wildly. Come, let me embrace you, my dear girl, and then we will immediately go to see the poor children."

Rabat-joie had, by this time, taken his stand at the door of the convent, where he was evincing, by divers manifestations of joy, an eager desire to obtain admittance.

"Ah!" said Dagobert, on observing the dog, "the children are there; are they not?"

"Yes," replied the Mayeux.

"I was sure of it," cried the soldier, running as fast as he could towards the dog.

"Agricola," said the Mayeux, "prevent your father from knocking at the door, for that would ruin all."

The young man reached his father as he was lifting the knocker, and laying hold of his arm, said, "Stop! the Mayeux says if you knock you will spoil all."

"Do not stand before the door," said the Mayeux, on coming up, "for if we are seen it would give rise to suspicion."

"Suspicion!" cried the veteran, "what suspicion!"

"Oh! stop not here, I entreat you," replied the Mayeux with so much earnestness, that Agricola said to his father, "The Mayeux has, I am sure, her reasons for her request, therefore let us leave this place, and listen to what she has to say."

"May the devil take me, if I understand a word of all this," replied the soldier. "The children are here—I only want to bring them away, which I could accomplish in less than ten minutes."

"It is more difficult than you imagine," said Agricola, as he almost dragged his father away.

Rabat-joie appeared quite surprised when they turned from the convent; he, however, kept his stand, and barked twice or thrice, as a sort of protest against their humiliating retreat, but, at the call of Dagobert, he very reluctantly quitted his post.

It was about five o'clock in the evening, the wind was blowing fiercely, and thick black clouds were fitting across the sky.

"Now," said Dagobert, as they turned into rather a retired path, "let us have an explanation, for I will proceed no further."

"Well," replied the Mayeux, "you know that the house in which the daughters of Marshal Simon are detained is a convent."

"That matters not. I will search for them there or anywhere else."

"But, sir, they will not be given up."

"Not given up? We shall soon see,"

said Dagobert, as he was about to start off in the direction of the convent.

"Let us hear the Mayeux first," said Agricola, again laying hold of his father by the arm.

"I'll hear nothing. What! the children are close at hand, and I am told I cannot have them? but you shall see that I will, and that, too, without much delay."

"Listen to me, I beseech you," said the Mayeux; "there are other means that do not require violence. Here is a ring that I received from Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the lady that would have aided Agricola, had she not been prevented by being herself placed in confinement. She desired me to give you this ring, and tell you to take it to the Count de Mortbrun, who is a friend of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and a man of great influence and experience. He lives in the Place Vendôme, No. 7. When you give him the ring, he will know that you have been sent by Adrienne, and, as soon as you have told him of the situation in which she and the daughters of Marshal Simon are placed, he will, without a moment's delay, adopt the measures necessary to procure their release; so that by to-morrow or the next day—"

"To-morrow or the next day!" interrupted Dagobert, "it must be to-day. Thank you, my dear Mayeux, but you can keep the ring, for I must look after my own affairs."

"Father," said Agricola, "remember this is a convent."

"Well, what of that? I see you are a novice; I understand all about convents. In Spain I have been in hundreds of them; you will see. I have only to knock; a girl opens the door, and asks me what I want. I pass on without reply; and once in the convent I call aloud for my children; they hear me and answer me, and if I find they

are locked up, I lay hold of the first thing that falls in my way, and break open the door."

"And this violence," said Agricola, "will be the signal for your arrest; and then what will become of your poor children."

Dagobert had too much good sense not to perceive the force of his son's observation, and yet he was almost frantic when he reflected that if the orphans were not at liberty on the following day they could not appear in the Rue St. Francis. "Ah!" said he, endeavouring to become more calm, "you do not understand the cause of my sorrow. Well, if I do not take them to-morrow to the Rue St. Francis, I shall have betrayed their mother's dying wish."

"Were you to take them to No. 3, Rue St. Francis?" cried Agricola.

"Yes; but who told you the number?"

"It is inscribed on a bronze medal, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Dagobert, with increasing surprise; "but how did you learn this?"

"Let me reflect a moment, father; I think I know all. You told me, my dear Mayeux, that Adrienne was not insane, and that she believed that the daughters of Marshal Simon and herself were the victims of some odious intrigue. Well, she has the same interest in appearing in the Rue St. Francis to-morrow, as they have—"

"Explain yourself," cried Dagobert, impatiently.

"You know," said Agricola, "that when you came to see me in prison, I told you I had a sacred duty to perform as soon as I was liberated. Well, the moment I regained my liberty I went to Adrienne's residence, in the Rue de Babylone, where I was informed that she had been seized with a sudden fit of madness, and had been taken to Dr. Baleinier's asylum. You will easily conceive how afflicted I was at this intelligence. Having obtained the Doctor's address I went to his residence, but he was not at home. I was told, however, I should find him about five o'clock, at the asylum, whither I was proceeding when I met you."

"But where did you see the medal?" interrupted Dagobert.

"The day I went to Adrienne's residence, to ask her to become surety for me, I was followed thither by an officer. Adrienne, hearing from one of her servants that some one was waiting outside to arrest me, conducted me to a secret chamber in her pavilion, where, having nothing else to do, I began to look about me, and as I was examining the door of my apartment, I saw a brass button, the use of which I could not comprehend. At length I pressed it with considerable force, when a secret drawer started out from the wainscot, just

over the door, and a bronze medal, with a chain attached to it, fell on the floor: on stooping to pick it up, I saw a sealed packet, on the outside of which was written, in large letters—'For Mademoiselle de Cardoville. She must read these papers the moment they are given to her.' It was signed, 'R. C., Paris, 12th of November, 1830.'"

"Had the seal of the packet not, been broken?" inquired the Mayeux.

"No," replied Agricola.

"Then it is evident," added she, "that Adrienne has never seen these papers, and knows nothing of them."

"No doubt of it," replied Agricola. "I then," continued he, "restored the packet and medal to their place of concealment, with the intention of informing Mademoiselle de Cardoville of my discovery, but a few minutes afterwards I was arrested and taken to prison, without having an opportunity of speaking to her."

"But how," said Dagobert, "are we to account for the resemblance of the medal which you saw to the one belonging to the daughters of Marshal Simon?"

"Nothing more easy, father. I remember now that Adrienne told me the orphans were related to her."

"What! Rose and Blanche!" cried Dagobert.

"Undoubtedly," said the Mayeux; "for she told me the same thing an hour or two ago."

"Well," replied Dagobert, with a look of deep anguish, "you now understand that I must have my children immediately, for their dying mother told me, a single day's delay might be fatal to their expectations. Yes, I must have them, even if I should have to set fire to the convent."

Agricola urged his father to abstain from all kind of violence until he had seen the Count de Mortbron, to which he at length reluctantly consented.

"You will see," said Agricola, "that the law is a protection to honest people."

"So much the better," replied the soldier; "for, otherwise, honest people would be obliged to protect themselves."

Dagobert having consented to proceed at once to the Count de Mortbron's, while Agricola went to inform the magistrate that had taken down Dagobert's deposition, that they had discovered where the daughters of Marshal Simon were detained, they separated, with a promise to meet again as soon as possible in the Rue Brise-Miche.

CHAPTER X.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

It was eight in the evening. The rain poured down in torrents, and the door and windows of Madame Baudoin's apartment

in the *Ras Brise-Miche* were shaken by violent gusts of wind. The disorder and confusion that now reigned in this modest abode, which usually was so neat and orderly, were evidence of the sad events that had lately befallen its inmates, whose lives had hitherto been passed in peaceful obscurity. By the feeble light of a candle, the *Mayeux*, overcome with the fatigue she had undergone, was sitting asleep on a chair, waiting for the return of *Dagobert* and *Agricola*. Not long after, the soldier, accompanied by *Rabat-Jois*, entered the apartment. The *Mayeux* awoke in surprise, and seeing it was *Dagobert*, she asked him if he had brought good news. She received no answer, for the soldier was so absorbed in thought that he did not perceive her. After musing for a considerable time, he muttered to himself, "*It must be—it must be!*" and then casting his eyes round as if in search of something, he saw lying beside the stove, an iron bar, about two feet long. He took it up, examined it attentively, balanced it in his hand, and then laid it down with an air of satisfaction. The *Mayeux*, surprised at the silence of *Dagobert*, stood watching his movements with anxious curiosity, which was soon succeeded by fear, when she saw him open his knapsack, take out a pair of pistols, and carefully try the locks.

"Oh, sir!" cried she, "what are you going to do?"

The soldier looked at her as if he had just discovered she was in the room, and said, "Good evening, my dear girl. Do you know what time it is?"

"It has just struck eight, sir."

"Only eight," said *Dagobert*, as he placed the pistols beside the iron bar.

After looking round the apartment for a few minutes, he approached the bed, took one of the sheets off, measured it, and turning to the *Mayeux*, asked her for a pair of scissors.

"Scissors, sir!" said she, quite amazed.

"Yes," replied *Dagobert*, in a tone that convinced her he was in earnest.

When she had given him the scissors he cut the sheet into four lengths, and tying them together, made a rope of about twenty feet long. He then put it, together with the iron bar, in a sack.

"Now," said he, "I must have a strong iron hook."

"You will wait for *Agricola*?" said the *Mayeux*, in a state of great alarm.

"Yes, if he comes before ten o'clock."

"You are, then, quite decided."

"Quite; and yet, if I were simple enough to believe in omens."

"Sometimes, sir, omens do not deceive us," said the *Mayeux*, with a view of turning him from his dangerous enterprise.

"But," continued she, "what omen have you had?"

"I will tell you. As I was passing through the streets a short time ago, I saw on a large red bill the representation of an enormous black panther, in the act of devouring a white horse. At this sight, my dear *Mayeux*, my blood was all on fire, for I had an old favourite white horse, that was killed by a black panther. Well, on reading this bill, I found that it announced that one *Morok*, a beast tamer, who had just arrived from Germany, would exhibit his collection of wild animals, among which there was a very large black panther from the island of Java. Now, this was the very animal that killed my old white horse. And," continued he, while his features became dark and gloomy, "it was this same *Morok* that caused my children and me to be imprisoned at *Leipsic*."

"This is indeed an evil omen," said the *Mayeux*.

"Aye, for this wretch, if I should chance to meet him."

At this moment, *Agricola* entered.

"Ah!" said *Dagobert*, "I am glad you have arrived. Come, furnish me with an iron hook."

"Have you," said *Agricola* "seen the *Count de Mortbron*?"

"No, he left Paris three days ago, to go to Lorraine; that is my good news," said he, bitterly, "now, let us hear yours."

"I went," said *Agricola*, "to the magistrate that received your deposition; he heard very patiently what I had to say, and when I concluded, told me, 'he was very sorry, but that he could not, on such slender information, violate the privacy of a convent.'"

"I thought so," said *Dagobert*, "the law can render us no assistance; now, we must try and help ourselves."

A new incident here occurred that added to the affliction of this painful scene.

CHAPTER XL.—THE DISCOVERY.

Scarcely had *Agricola* seated himself, than *Madame Baudoin*, pale and trembling, appeared at the threshold of her own door. Entering unobserved by *Dagobert*, *Agricola*, or the *Mayeux*, who were all absorbed in reflection, she advanced a few steps into the room, fell upon her knees, clasped her hands, and said, in a feeble voice, "My poor, my good husband, pardon me."

At these words the three inmates started to their feet in astonishment; *Agricola* was instantly at his mother's side, as were immediately afterwards *Dagobert* and the *Mayeux*.

"Rise, rise, my good mother," said *Agricola*, affectionately.

"No, my child," she replied, "I will not

rise till your father pardons me. I have done him much wrong. Unfortunately, I did not know I was doing so till the evil was committed; but now I know all."

"Pardon you, my poor wife?" said Dagobert, with emotion, "did I ever accuse you except in a moment of frenzy? No, no; I accused only vile and unprincipled priests; and I was right. You are here now, that's one comfort; it is the relief of one bitter pang. Come, my dear wife, and sit by the fire; how cold you are!"

The blacksmith ran to the bed, drew off the counterpane, rolled it round his mother's feet and knees; then taking her thin and sorrowful hands in his, he began to rub them, and to warm them with his breath.

Nothing could be more touching than this picture. To see Agricola, whose energetic and robust countenance was imprinted with an expression of admirable tenderness, while he was engaged in delicate attentions towards his pale and trembling mother.

Dagobert, attentive like his son, ran for a bolster, and placed it behind her head.

"You actually spoil me," said the poor woman, trying to smile; then, disengaging her hands, and taking hold of Dagobert's arm, she added, her eyes filled with tears, "Ah, my dear husband, I bitterly repented all when in prison. Poor Gabriel, who is closely confined, and had been forbidden to see me, opened my eyes to my weakness, and showed me how wrong I had acted towards you."

"Ah, my dear mother, you did right to follow the counsel of Gabriel, for he is indeed an angel, pure and devoted; the type of a true and good priest."

"Ah, my poor wife," said Dagobert, "would that you never had had any other confessor than Gabriel."

"Alas, it would have been fortunate if our conversation had taken place before, for what I told him respecting the Abbé Dubois awoke his suspicions. He asked me many questions on things of which he had never before spoken; and, on our telling our secrets, we made sad, sad discoveries respecting those whom we had always thought good and holy, and who had caused us to deceive each other unknowingly."

"How was that?"

"He was told as a secret wishes and instructions, which were stated to be mine; and I, on the other hand, was told his. He avowed to me that he never wished to be a priest, and I was told that that was his only desire, and that our spiritual welfare depended upon my gratifying his wishes. Then what could I do; thinking that it was his wish, I consented."

"This is horrible," said Agricola; "it is an infamous act, that reflects a stigma on those who committed it."

"Well," continued Madame Baudoin, "when I told Gabriel what I had done, at the instigation of the Abbé Dubois, with the daughters of Marshal Simon, he blamed me, told me that I ought to have consulted you; then he censured, in severe language, the conduct of the Abbé. Poor Gabriel would have accompanied me—for I assure you, my dear husband, that I was afraid to come home alone—but, unfortunately, he could not, as he had received strict orders not to leave the seminary. He—"

Dagobert, who seemed much agitated at the recital, interrupted his wife, and said: "One word, Françoise—for in the midst of so many dark and diabolical deeds the memory fails one. The day that the children disappeared, I think you told me that when you found Gabriel he had a medal round his neck, and upon him a portfolio filled with papers written in a foreign language, and that you gave them to your confessor."

"Yes, my husband."

"And did Gabriel never speak to you of this medal?"

"No."

Agricola listened attentively, and exclaimed, in surprise, "Gabriel then has the same interest as the daughters of Marshal Simon and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, in being at the Rue St. Francis to-morrow."

"Certainly," said Dagobert; "and now do you remember what he said on my arrival, that he would require our assistance in a circumstance of the gravest nature."

"Yes, father," said Agricola.

"He is kept a prisoner; and he has told your mother that he had cause for being dissatisfied with his superiors. Now I understand all. He is, like Rose and Blanche, like Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and, perhaps, like ourselves, the victim of wicked and designing priests. Now that I know their dark and perfidious deeds, I—but no, no," he added, in agitation, "we must be strong, indeed, to cope with them; I had no idea of their power."

"You are right, my father," said Agricola, "for those who are wicked and hypocritical can do more evil than the upright and holy, such as Gabriel, can do good. There is not a more implacable enemy than a bad priest."

"Yes; the very idea of my poor children being in their hands frightens me; but we must not abandon them without a struggle. No, no; no weakness; still I must avow that, since your mother has exposed their diabolical acts I feel weaker and less resolute."

A silence ensued, which was broken by the Mayeux, who entered, bringing with her additional fuel, which she had borrowed from the good Father Loriot.

"Here's a letter, Monsieur Dagobert,

said the Mayeux, "which the dyer gave me for you."

"Open it, my son," said Dagobert, "and see what it is. I am too confused to read it."

Agricola took the letter, and read as follows:—

"At sea, Dec. 25, 1831.

"I embrace the opportunity afforded me by the meeting of a vessel that is going direct to Europe, to write, my old comrade, a few lines in haste, which will inform you that I will probably be at Havre before my last letters from India reach Paris, where you ought to be at present with my wife and child. Read this note, I cannot finish. The vessel is going off. One word in haste: forget not the 13th of February. The future prospects of my wife and child depend upon you. Adieu, my old and faithful friend.

"SIMON."

"Agricola, Agricola, your father," cried the Mayeux.

As soon as Agricola had read a few words of the letter, which related to the circumstance that so much harassed the old soldier, Dagobert became deathly pale, staggered, and would have fallen had not his son caught him in his arms. This weakness, however, was only momentary, for passing his hand across his forehead, he raised himself to his full height, his eyes sparkled, his countenance assumed an expression of resolution, and he cried out, with savage exultation—"No, no; I shall never be a traitor, nor shall I ever prove a coward. The black robe no longer frightens me, and, before day-break, Rose and Blanche will be delivered."

(To be continued).

KOHLHAAS, THE HORSE DEALER.

In their fictions the Germans always accomplish things that astonish the English. We dare venture to say the idea of making a dealer of horseflesh the hero of a tale would have occurred to no writer in this country. The incidents in the history of such a character are no doubt remarkable enough, but the meanness of the truths with which it is associated in England would effectually have saved it from *hero-ism* in a work of fiction.

We find, however, in the Foreign Library, a very curious historical story of the time of Luther, and propose submitting an epitome of it to our readers.

On the banks of the Havel, about the middle of the sixteenth century, lived Michael Kohlhaas, a farmer and horse dealer. He reached his thirteenth year with the character of a good citizen. At that period a gentleman, one Squire Wenzel von Tronka, succeeded to the possession of a stately

castle and estate by the Elbe, on which he had chosen to erect a toll-bar, at which one day Michael and his horses were stopped, and a *groschen* demanded for passing. After some hesitation and parley, Kohlhaas paid it; but no sooner had he passed than he met with another interruption, the castellan demanding his passport; and the worthy horse-dealer required an interview with the squire himself, and found him in his hall, with some boon companions. They all rise professedly to look at his horses, and after seeing them, talk about their price, but do not purchase. Michael prepares to depart, is stopped on the pretence of the passport, nor is he suffered to go without leaving in pledge two of his horses, to which some of the party had taken a fancy. Arriving at Dresden shortly afterwards, and applying at the secretary's office, Kohlhaas finds that "the story about the passport is a mere fable," and receives a certificate to that effect. He conceives that what had happened was only "the thin squire's jest." At last he finds that both his horses and his man have been exceedingly ill-used in his absence. Instead of his sleek, well-fed blacks, they presented a picture of animal misery. They had been used as draught cattle in the fields, and nearly starved. A quarrel ensued, and Kohlhaas refused to take them back. His servant, moreover, showed that he had been grievously and wantonly injured defending his master's property. Kohlhaas sends him to bed that he may get well of his wounds, and makes up his determination to have justice, in which he is fully corroborated by his wife, Lisbeth, and accordingly sets out for Dresden, to bring his complaint before the proper tribunal. Failing there, he, afterwards, by the advice and assistance of the town governor, lays his case before the elector of Brandenburg; but gains a rebuke as "a vexatious litigant." His horses, meanwhile, are still employed by the squire in field labour. Distressed and irritated he seeks revenge. His wife Lisbeth suggests a petition to the sovereign himself. She presses it on too boldly, and is repelled with a lance. The blow proves fatal; she dies; and Kohlhaas, more eager for vengeance than ever, now drew up a decree, in which, by virtue of his own will, he condemned the Squire Wenzel von Tronka, within three days after the sight thereof, to bring back to Kohlhaasenbrück the horses which he had taken, and which he had spoiled by field-work, and to feed them in person in his stables until they were restored to their good condition. This paper he conveyed by a messenger on horseback, whom he instructed to return to Kohlhaasenbrück immediately after he had delivered it. The three days passed, and no horses having been delivered, he

called Herse his man, informed him of the notice he had given to the squire concerning the feeding, and asked him which of two things he would do: whether he would go with him to the Tronkenburg, and fetch the squire, or whether, when he was brought, he would hold the whip over him, in case he should prove lazy in obeying the decree in the Kohlhaasenbrück stables. Herse shouted out, "Let us begin to-day, master," and, flinging his cap into the air, swore that he would have a thong twisted into ten knots to teach the art of currying. Kohlhaas sold his house, sent his children in a vehicle over the border, called, in addition to Herse, the rest of his servants, seven in number, and all as true as steel, at the approach of night, armed themselves, mounted, and set off for the Tronkenburg.

Kohlhaas commenced the work of vengeance, burning down the castle, slaying the castellan and the bailiff with their wives and children, and seeking everywhere for the squire, who, however, found shelter in the convent of Erlabrunn: whereupon Kohlhaas called upon the whole country to give no assistance to Squire Von Tronka, with whom he was engaged in lawful war, and bound every inhabitant, not excepting his friends and relations, to deliver up the aforesaid squire under the penalty of life and limb, and conflagration of all that might be called property.

A declaration to this effect he distributed through the country. To his servant, Waldmann, he gave a copy with the special charge that it was to be put into the hands of the Lady Antonia, at Erlabrunn. He afterwards gained over some of the Tronkenburg servants, who were discontented with the squire, and tempted by the prospect of booty, wished to enter his service. These he armed after the fashion of infantry with daggers and cross-bars, teaching them to sit behind the servants on horseback. After having turned into money all that the troops had raked together, and divided the cash among them, he rested from his sad occupation for some hours, under the gate of the castle.

He continued to pursue a course of incendiaryism. His band increased—he sought his victim everywhere—and his power became fearful. His daring was great; his successes many.

Luther, deeming him to be fearfully misled, sought to recall him to duty. He caused a placard, worded as follows, to be set up in all the towns and villages of the electorate: "Kohlhaas—thou who pretendest that thou art deputed to wield the sword of justice, what art thou doing, presumptuous one, in the madness of thy blind passion, thou art filled with injustice from the crown of thy head to the sole of thy foot? Because thy sovereign, whose subject thou

art, hath refused thee justice, dost thou arise in, godless man, the cause of worldly good, with fire and sword, and break in, like the wolf of the desert, upon the peaceful community that he protecteth. Thou who misleadest mankind by a declaration full of untruth and craftiness, dost thou believe, sinner that thou art, the same pretext will avail thee before God on that day when the recesses of every heart shall be revealed? How canst thou say that justice has been denied—thou, whose savage heart, excited by an evil spirit of self-revenge, entirely gave up the trouble of seeking it after the failure of thy first trivial endeavours? Is a bench of beadles and tipstaffs, who intercept letters, or keep to themselves the knowledge they should communicate, the power that ruleth? Must I tell thee, impious man, that thy ruler knoweth nothing of thy affair? What do I say? Why, that the sovereign against whom thou rebellest doth not even know thy name, and that when thou appearest before the throne of God, thinking to accuse him, he with a serene countenance will say: 'Lord, to this man did I do no wrong, for his existence is strange unto my soul.' Know that the sword that thou bearest is the sword of robbery and murder; thou art a rebel, and no warrior of the just God. Thine end upon earth is the wheel and the gallows, and thine end hereafter is that condemnation which threateneth the work of evil and impiety."

This produced an interview between him and Luther, in consequence of which the latter prevailed on the elector to grant an amnesty; and, then, Kohlhaas dismissed his band, gave up his property to the state, and repaired to Dresden to renew his suit, in the legal form. Justice, however, halted, and ultimately an improper use was made of a provisional guard set upon his person. Kohlhaas being declared a prisoner, the amnesty was broken. A popular prejudice had gained ground against him, arising from a singular yet natural accident. A knacker had by order brought the horses in question to Döbblen, but in a condition so hopeless, that Squire Wenzel himself failed to recognise them. Kohlhaas was called upon to identify them, which he did.

The chamberlain had no sooner heard what Kohlhaas said, than he approached the knacker with a hurried step, that made the plume of his helmet shake, and flung him a purse full of gold; and while the man, with the purse in his hand, was staring at his money, and was combing back his hair with a leaden comb, he ordered his servant to detach the horses, and lead them home. The servant, who, at his master's call, had left a circle of friends and relatives in the crowd, went up to the horses in a large puddle, with a face somewhat

crimson. Scarcely, however, had he touched the halter, than his cousin Master Himboldt, with the words "you shall not touch that carrion," seized his arm, and flung him from the cart. He added, picking his way over the puddle to the chamberlain, who stood dumb with astonishment, that he must get a knacker's boy to perform such an office for him. The chamberlain, who, foaming with rage, gazed for a moment at Himboldt, turned round, and called after the guard over the heads of the knights who were about him. As soon as, by the order of Baron von Wenk, an officer with some electoral troopers had made his appearance from the castle, he declared him, after briefly setting forth the shameful acts of rebellion which the burghers of the city ventured on, instantly to take the ring-leader, Master Himboldt, into custody. Then seizing Himboldt by the collar, he accused him of flinging from the cart the servant who, by his orders, was unbinding the horses, and otherwise ill-using him. Master Himboldt, throwing off the chamberlain with a dexterous twist, said: "Gracious sir, telling a fellow of twenty what he ought to do, is not inciting him to rebellion. Ask him whether, against all usages and propriety, he will meddle with those horses that are tied up to the cart. If he will, after what I have told him, why be it so! For all that I care, he may flay them on the spot if he pleases." Upon this the chamberlain turned to the servant, and asked whether he had any objection to fulfilling his commands; namely, to untie Kohlhaas's horses, and take them home. The lad timidly slinking among the burghers, answered that the horses must be made decent before he could do anything of the sort; whereupon the chamberlain darted after him, tore off his hat, which bore the badge of his house, trampled it under foot, drew his sword, and hunting the fellow about with furious strokes of the blade, which made him at once quit the spot and his service together. "Strike the ruffian to the ground!" shouted Master Himboldt, and while the burghers, indignant at the spectacle, combined together and forced away the guard, he knocked down the chamberlain from behind, tore off his mantle, collar, and helmet, twisted the sword out of his hand, and furiously flung it to a distance. In vain did Squire Wenzel, saving himself from the tumult, call on the knights to assist his cousin; before they could advance a step they were dispersed by the pressure of the people, so that the chamberlain, who had hurt his head by the fall, was exposed to all the fury of the mob. Nothing could have saved him but the appearance of a troop of soldiers who happened to be riding by, and whom the officer of the electoral troopers called to his as-

sistance. This officer, after repelling the multitude, seized the enraged Himboldt, who was conducted to prison by some knights, while two friends picked up from the ground the unfortunate chamberlain all covered with blood, and took him home. Such was the unlucky termination of the really well-meant and honest attempt to repair the wrong which had been done to the horse-dealer. The knacker of Döbbeln, whose business was over, and who did not want to stop any longer, tied the horses to a lamp-post as soon as the people began to disperse, and there they stood all day without any one to care about them—a jest for the loiterers in the street. Indeed, for the want of all other attendance, the police was obliged to take them in hand, and towards night called upon the knacker of Dresden to keep them in the yard before the town till further directions. The occurrence, though the horse-dealer had nothing to do with it, awakened among the better and more temperate sort of people, a feeling which was highly unfavourable to his cause. The relation in which he stood to the state was considered quite insufferable; and both in private houses and in public places, the opinion was expressed that it would be better to do him a manifest injustice, and again annul the whole affair, than show him justice in such a small matter, merely to gratify his obstinacy, especially as such justice would only be the reward of his deeds of violence.

A member of Kohlhaas's late band took upon himself to get together some of his former companions. This made bad worse. Kohlhaas, believed to be connected with Nagelschmidt, the bandit, just mentioned, to which, after a time, he was not disinclined, the horse-dealer, was thrown into the city prison, heavily laden with chains, proceedings being commenced against him, on the ground of his letters of acceptance. He was finally condemned to have his flesh torn with hot pincers, and his body quartered and burned between the wheel and the gallows. The elector of Brandenburg interfered to claim him as his subject, and accordingly Kohlhaas was, with his five children, conveyed to Berlin. On the road, the *cortège* fell in with the elector of Saxony and his wife, the lady Heloise, at Herzberg; who, with their hunting party, were feasting in the open air. An interview which the royal party have with the accused, blends with the narrative the mysterious interest of an unexplained secret, connected with a little leaden case, suspended from Michael's neck with a silk thread, and given to him under peculiar circumstances by a gipsy woman. This talisman so affects the elector, that he suffers a fit of apoplexy. On recovering, he

shows great anxiety to get possession of the apparently worthless slip of paper, and employs a page to follow Kohlhaas, with an offer of life and liberty as the price of it, but this Michael stubbornly refuses. The legal proceedings against himself, and those against the squire, meanwhile, progress simultaneously. The former the elector of Saxony seeks to stay, that he may have time to get hold of the important document; failing in which, he falls into a new illness; for the paper contains a prophecy concerning the fortunes of his house, which the gipsy had written at his own request, but, out of apparent caprice, had given to Kohlhaas. On hearing this account, the chamberlain of the elector undertakes the business in which the page had failed. He finds at Berlin an old rag-woman, answering to the same description well enough, to suggest the idea of his palming her off on Kohlhaas for the gipsy herself, that she, by stratagem, may get from him the paper. She is, indeed, the same identical woman; nay, Kohlhaas "remarked a singular likeness between her and his deceased wife Lisbeth."

The story concludes, as was not uncommon in the time of Cervantes, without explaining this mysterious business. It thus proceeds:—

At last the portentous Monday arrived, on which he was to atone to the world for his too hasty attempt to procure justice, and still the city was in general commotion not being able to give up the hope that some decree would yet come to save him. Accompanied by a strong guard, and with his two boys in his arms—a favour he had expressly asked at the bar of the tribunal—he was stepping from the gate of his prison, led by Jacob Freysing, when, through the midst of a mournful throng of acquaintance who shook hands with him and bade him farewell, the castellan of the electoral castle pressed forward to him with a disturbed countenance, and gave him a note which he said he had received from an old woman. Kohlhaas, while he looked upon the man with astonishment, opened the note, the seal of which, impressed on a wafer, reminded him of the well-known gipsy. Who can describe his astonishment when he read as follows:—

"KOHHLHAAS—The elector of Saxony is in Berlin. He is gone before thee to the place of execution; and thou mayest know him, if, indeed, it concerns thee, by a hat with blue and white feathers. I need not tell thee the purpose for which he comes. As soon as thou art buried, he will dig up the case, and have the paper opened which it contains.

"THY ELIZABETH."

Kohlhaas, turning to the castellan in the

greatest astonishment, asked him if he knew the wonderful woman who had given him the note. The castellan began to answer: "Kohlhaas, the woman—" but he stopped short in the middle of his speech; and Kohlhaas, being carried along by the train, which proceeded at this moment, could not hear what the man, who seemed to tremble in every limb, was saying to him. When he came to the place of execution, he found the elector of Brandenburg on horseback there, with his train, among whom was the chancellor Heinrich von Geusau, in the midst of an immense concourse of people. To the right of the elector stood the imperial advocate, Franz Müller, with a copy of the sentence in his hand, while on his left, with the decree of the Dresden Court chamber, was his own advocate, the jurist Anton Zäuner. In the midst of the half-open circle formed by the people, was a herald with a bundle of things and the two horses, now sleek and in good condition, beating the ground with their hoofs. For the chancellor Henry had carried every point of the suit, which in the name of his master, he had commenced at Dresden against Squire Wenzel von Tronka; and consequently the horses, after they had been restored to honour by the ceremony of waving a flag over their heads, had been taken out of the hands of the flayer, and, having been fattened by the squire's men, had been handed over to the advocate in the Dresden market, in the presence of a commission appointed for that purpose. Therefore, the elector, when Kohlhaas, attended by the guard, ascended the court to him, said: "Now, Kohlhaas, this is the day on which you have justice. Here I give you back all which you were forced to lose at the Tronkenburg, your horses, handkerchief, money, linen, and the expenses for medical attendance on your man, Herse, who fell at Mühlberg. Are you content with me?" Kohlhaas, while with open, sparkling eyes, he read over the decree which was put into his hands, at a hint from the chancellor, put down the two children whom he carried, and when he found in it an article, by which Squire Wenzel was condemned to be imprisoned for two years, quite overcome by his feelings, he threw himself down before the elector, with his hands crossed on his breast. Joyfully assuring the chancellor, as he arose, and laying his hands on his bosom, that his highest wish on earth was fulfilled, he went up to the horses, examined them, and patted their fat cheeks, cheerfully telling the chancellor, as he returned to him, that he made a present of them to his two sons, Henry and Leopold. The chancellor, Henry von Geusau, bending down to him from his horse with a friendly aspect, promised him, in the name of

the elector, that his last bequest should be held sacred, and requested him to dispose of the other things in the bundle according to his pleasure. Upon this Kohlhaas called out of the mob Herse's old mother, whom he perceived in the square, and giving her the things, said, "Here, mother, this belongs to you," adding, at the same time, the sum which was in the bundle, to pay damages, as a comfort for her old days. The elector then cried, "Now, Kohlhaas, the horse-dealer, thou to whom satisfaction has been accorded, prepare and give satisfaction thyself for the breach of the public peace." Kohlhaas, taking off his hat, and throwing it down, said, that he was ready, and giving the children, after he had once more lifted them up and pressed them to his heart, to the farmer of Kohlhaasenberg, he stepped up to the block, while the farmer, silently weeping, led the children from the place. He then took the handkerchief from his neck, and opened his doublet, when taking a cursory glance at the circle of people, he perceived, at a short distance from himself, between two knights, who nearly concealed him, the well-known man with blue and white plumes. Kohlhaas, bringing himself close to him by a sudden step, which astonished the surrounding guard, took the case from his breast. Taking the paper out, he opened it, read it, and fixing his eye upon the man with the plume, who began to entertain hopes, put it into his mouth and swallowed it. At this sight the man with the blue and white feathers fell down in convulsions. Kohlhaas, while the man's astonished attendants stooped down and raised him from the ground, turned to the scaffold, where his head fell beneath the axe of the executioner. Thus ends the history of Kohlhaas. The corpse was put into a coffin, amid the general lamentations of the people. While the bearers were raising it to bury it decently in the suburban churchyard, the elector called to him the sons of the deceased, and dubbed them knights, declaring to the chancellor, that they should be brought up in his school of pages. The elector of Saxony, wounded in mind and body, soon returned to Dresden, and the rest concerning him must be sought in history. As for Kohlhaas, some of his descendants, brave, joyous people, were living in Mecklenburg in the last century.

The prize for the English essay, "On the abuse of Political Theories," given by Trinity College, Cambridge, has been adjudged to the honourable William Frederick Campbell, eldest son of Lord Campbell and Lady Stratheden.

IMPORTANCE OF GRAMMAR.

In the introduction to an old Oxford Latin Grammar, it is elegantly said that "Grammar is the sacrist that bears the key of knowledge, by whom alone admittance can be had to the temple of the muses and treasures of the arts." Bishop Lowth, the father of English Grammar, styles it "the basis on which all literature ought to rest." Is it because difficulties present themselves that these assurances have no weight, that grammar is so little sought after and so seldom acquired? Let it be remembered, that he who shrinks from difficulties in a necessary pursuit, is wanting in vigour and manliness. In our day the difficulties attending the study of grammar are so few as not to be worth enumeration. Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesy*, indeed, tells us that "it was a piece of the tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue." But this was only true when our language was in its infancy, and our learned men wrote in Latin, and constructed English grammars for Latin scholars. No one of any pretensions to sense and industry can complain of inability to acquire grammar. When Theon asked of Epicurus—"Who can hope to rival Zeno?" "You!" answered the sage. "Why should you not? you have innocence—you have sensibility—you have enthusiasm—you have ambition. With what better promise could Zeno begin his career? Courage, my son. Without confidence Homer had never written his *Iliad*—no, nor would Zeno now be worshipped in his portico."

No subject possesses greater facilities for study than grammar. If Lavater, Blumenbach, and Gall beheld their sciences in every face and frame and head, the grammarian is not less surrounded by the materials of his art, for in privacy sentences issue from himself, and in public they fall on his ear.

No department of knowledge is like grammar. A person may conceal his ignorance of any other art—but every time he speaks, he publishes his ignorance of this. Other arts may be practised occasionally, but the art of speaking must be practised continually. Is it not strange that what all must do hourly, few care to do correctly? There can be no greater imputation on the intelligence of any man, than that he should talk from the cradle to the tomb, and never talk well.

What is more mortifying than to see persons with laudable pretensions, men of fine forms and sonorous voices, incapable of constructing half a dozen sentences grammatically. It is humiliating to reflect that they, for whom nature has done so much,

should do so little for themselves. They resemble the fabled apples of Pandæmonium—tempting and fair to the sight, but bitter ashes on the taste. How severe is the reproach of Shelley, in the following passage in his letters from Rome:—"I have seen women here of the highest beauty; their brows and lips, and the moulding of the face modelled with sculptural exactness, and the dark luxuriance of their hair floating over their fine complexions—and their lips—you must hear the common-places which escape from them before they cease to be dangerous."

To acquire grammar, resolution is all that is wanted. Not that vacillating thing made in one hour and forgotten the next, but a resolution possessing a little persistency, a determination that *cannot* make excuses, and that *will* not see difficulties. There is no art or science can baffle this. The Rev. Mr. Gillespie, of America, in his "Lectures to Young Men, on the Formation of Character," says very forcibly, "*I can't do it*" never did anything—"*I'll try*" has worked wonders—and "*I will do it*" has performed prodigies."

The acquisition of grammar is indispensable, and ought to be the first of all undertakings. It is a glorious advantage, and introduces its possessor to the noblest of all republics—the republic of literature.

He who has not energy for the acquirement of grammar ought to suspect himself. It is a question of choice between present application and lasting incapacity—between the industry of a few weeks and the blunders of a whole life.—*Holyoakes' Practical Grammar.*

The Gatherer.

The Grand Opera at Paris.—A company of capitalists in Paris, has proposed to the French Government, a plan for the erection, at its cost, of a definitive hall for the Grand Opera, in the fine locality of the *Champs Elysées*. They require, that the minister shall give up to them the present theatre as an indemnity—and this they propose to pull down for the purpose of building on its site eight or ten hotels, which will, they say, be worth 20,000,000fr.

General Monk and his Wife.—The restorer of Charles II, afterwards duke of Albemarle, had a low-bred shrew of a wife. With such a duchess, in the midst of his prosperity, he could not have been very happy. Speaking of the termagant, Anne Clerges, Pepys wrote, "The duke has sorry company—dirty dishes, bad meat, and a nasty wife at table."

Show you have a Heart.—In this dull world we cheat ourselves and one another; of innocent pleasures by the score, through very carelessness and apathy; courted day after day by happy memories, we rudely brush them off with this indiscriminating besom, the stern material present; invited to help in rendering joyful many a patient heart, we neglect the little word that might have done it, and continually defraud creation of its share of kindness from us. The child made merrier by our interest in his toy; the old domestic flattered by our seeing him look so well; the poor better helped by your blessing than your penny (though give the penny too); the labourer cheered upon his toil by a timely word of praise; the humble friend encouraged by your frankness; equals made to love you by the expression of your love; and superiors gratified by attention and respect; and looking out to benefit the kindly—how many pleasures here for one to gather; how many blessings for any heart to give!—*Tupper.*

On the Subscription to Mr. Rowland Hill, to requite him for the Penny Postage Scheme, reaching Ten Thousand Pounds.

For being useful to mankind,

That Hill would lose men were afraid,

But, fortunately, now we find

That he will be at last post-paid.

Ten thousand pounds shagrin must cure,

From those who owe themselves his debtors,

Would that a like reward were sure

For all deserving men of letters.

The Lawyer and the Baker.—An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

Proof of the Value of Christianity.—The late Dr. Mason once said to an infidel who was scoffing at christianity because of the misconduct of its professors—"Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the path of morality?" The infidel admitted that he did not. "Then don't you see (said Dr. Mason), that by expecting the professors of christianity to be holy you admit it to be a holy religion. and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power."

Effects of Light and Darkness on Solutions.—If a solution of mineral chameleon be made in the dark it does not undergo any change for many hours—whilst a similar solution will, if exposed to sunshine, precipitate heavily almost immediately.

"The Dance of Death."—The other day, in Hull, it was announced that the "Grand United Funeral Society" would celebrate its anniversary with a ball!

Law of Marriage.—The Rev. J. Daniel, incumbent of East Ardsley, has sent to the *Wakefield Journal* the following decision of the registrar-general, conveyed to him recently, in answer to a reference which he felt it his duty to make:—"A clergyman is not legally bound to marry parties under the authority of the superintendent registrar's certificate, unless one of them be resident within his parish."

Modern Improvement.—According to Mr. Chadwick, the allowance of substantial food per week stands in the following proportion:—The transported thief, 320 ounces; the thief convicted, 239; the suspected thief, 181; the soldier, 161; the able-bodied pauper, 151; the independent labourer, 122.

The Process of Fertilising Land.—By analysing the ashes of plants, we learn what we must add or replace, in order to restore the original fertility of the soil. Africa and Peru supply us with the mineral elements of bread and flesh in the shape of guano; and chemical works now produce the other mineral substances which are indispensable to turnips and potatoes.—*Liebig.*

Sermons not to be Hurried.—The Bishop of Exeter has, on a recent occasion, pronounced against extemporary preaching. Deans of former times wrote their sermons over and over again. Mr. Homer says:—"The editor of Massillon's Lent Sermons, regards it as a prodigy that he finished a discourse in so short a time as ten or twelve days. This eminent preacher sometimes rewrote a single sermon fifteen or even twenty times. A distinguished scholar in our own land rewrote the most useful of his sermons, thirteen or fourteen times, and laboured in connexion with a literary friend two whole days on as many sentences. A living divine, who has been called the prince of our pulpit orators, spent a fortnight on a single discourse, which has already accomplished more good than four thousand sermons which were written by another of our pastors, at the rate of two a week. On the blank leaf of one of Dr. Griffin's manuscripts, it appeared that his discourse had been preached ninety times. Thus it had been touched and re-touched, reviewed and re-written, till so far as the author's power availed, it was perfected."

Remedy for Burns.—At an inquest held lately, Mr. Wakley, the coroner, said, the best application to burns was pure flour. He wrote a book twenty years ago descriptive of its efficacy. As soon as the incrustation which the flour formed fell off, the wounds also disappeared. In fact, it acted like a charm.

Henry VIII was the first king of England who received the title of majesty. Before his reign the sovereigns were usually addressed "my liege," and "your grace." The latter epithet was originally conferred on Henry IV. "Excellent grace," was given to Henry VI; "most high and mighty prince," to Edward IV; "highness," to Henry VII; which last expression, and sometimes "grace," was used to Henry VIII. About the end of this reign all titles were absorbed by that of "majesty," by which Francis I addressed him at their interview in 1520. James I could not at this title the present "sacred," or "most excellent majesty."

How to make a Plum-Pudding.—Miss Bunbury, in her rides in the Pyrenees, met with a lady who gave her the following information, at this season of the year, on the subject of the composition of an English plum-pudding:—"You have what you call *plomb puddin*; and do you know how they make that? Ah! I know all that—*tenez!* They take a great cauldron, and put it over the fire the first thing in the morning; and into that they pour a great quantity of milk, and *eau de vie*, and then take a vast deal of the fat of the beef, the pure fat, and put it in also; and they thicken it with flour—and—and—what else do you put in your *plomb puddin*, madame?" "Eggs," I replied, with much verity. "Ah! yes, an enormous number of eggs, they put to all that, and then—what else, madame, do you put in your *plomb puddin*?" "Fruit." "Ah! certainly; yes, fruit of all kinds; they chop them together, *all kinds*, and put them into the cauldron, and they stir all up well together, and boil it from morning to evening, and then turn it out into a great basin."

Enormous Increase.—The produce of a single potatoe has been dug up at Wykeham, near Scarborough, consisting of one hundred and thirty-four potatoe, of good size, the largest weighed 3lbs. 4oz. One dozen of the next best weighed 17lbs. The weight of the whole was four stones four pounds; fourteen pounds to the stone!

Foreign Wheat.—It is stated that the maximum duty of 20s. per quarter is paid monthly, upon 20,000 quarters of foreign wheat, by importers.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mary's" stanzas are smooth, but they are so innocent of meaning that we decline publishing them.

The letter of "Fitz Hardy" we have not seen.

"J. B.'s" hints will not be neglected.

"K's" approbation affords us pleasure. Important changes will soon be announced.

The charades of "Henry" are too frivolous.

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